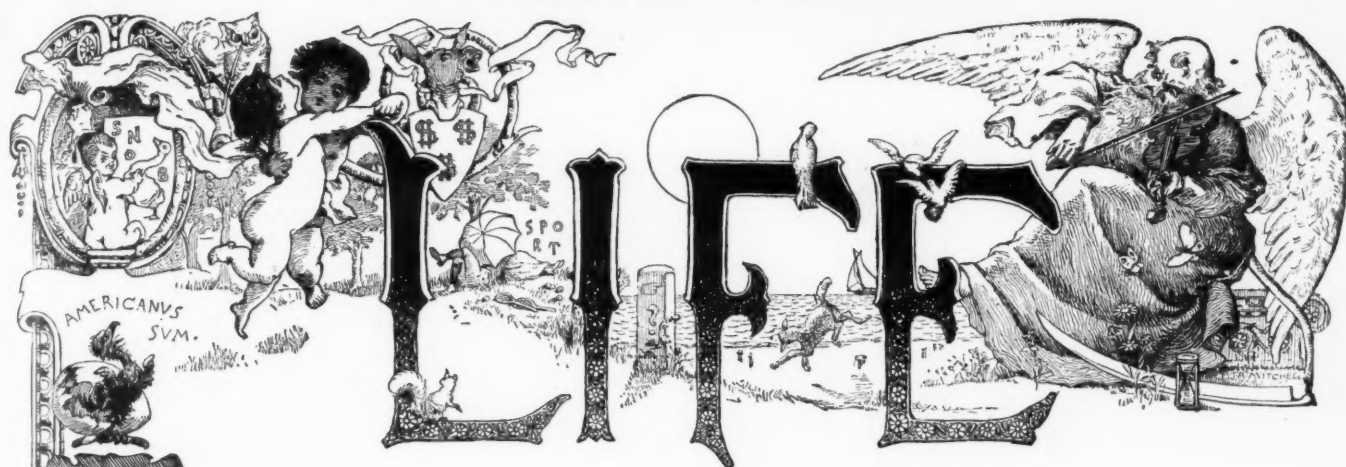


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NOT A POLYGLOT.

"ARE YOU A GOLFER, MR. KNOX?"

"NO, I COULDN'T LEARN THE LANGUAGE"

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WESTMINSTER KENNEL CLUB.

This Show was held in the Madison Square Garden, New York City, on February 21, 22, 23 and 24, 1898.

The official publication is a handsome book of about one hundred and eighty pages, 6½x10 inches. The cover is an exquisite design by a famous artist, printed in three colors from half-tone plates. There are thirty-five pages of fine illustrations of typical dogs of best known breeds, with articles on their chief characteristics and scales of points for judging.

About ninety-six pages contain names of the dogs entered, with their pedigree and list of prize winnings, and owners' names and addresses.

A "marked" edition of the book is published, which gives the names of the PRIZE WINNERS in all CLASSES. This is a standard book of reference for the dog of 1898, and will be sent to any address on receipt of 50 cents. Address,

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# Easter Number of LIFE

Will be issued on April the Second

PRICE, 25 CENTS

We shall surpass in this number every one of the previous successes which have placed LIFE at the head of the artistic publications of the world. No publication so thoroughly artistic, refined, keen, delightful and satisfying has ever approached this number.



THE COVER is a unique design by BLUE, lithographed in fine colors, reproduced by a new process.

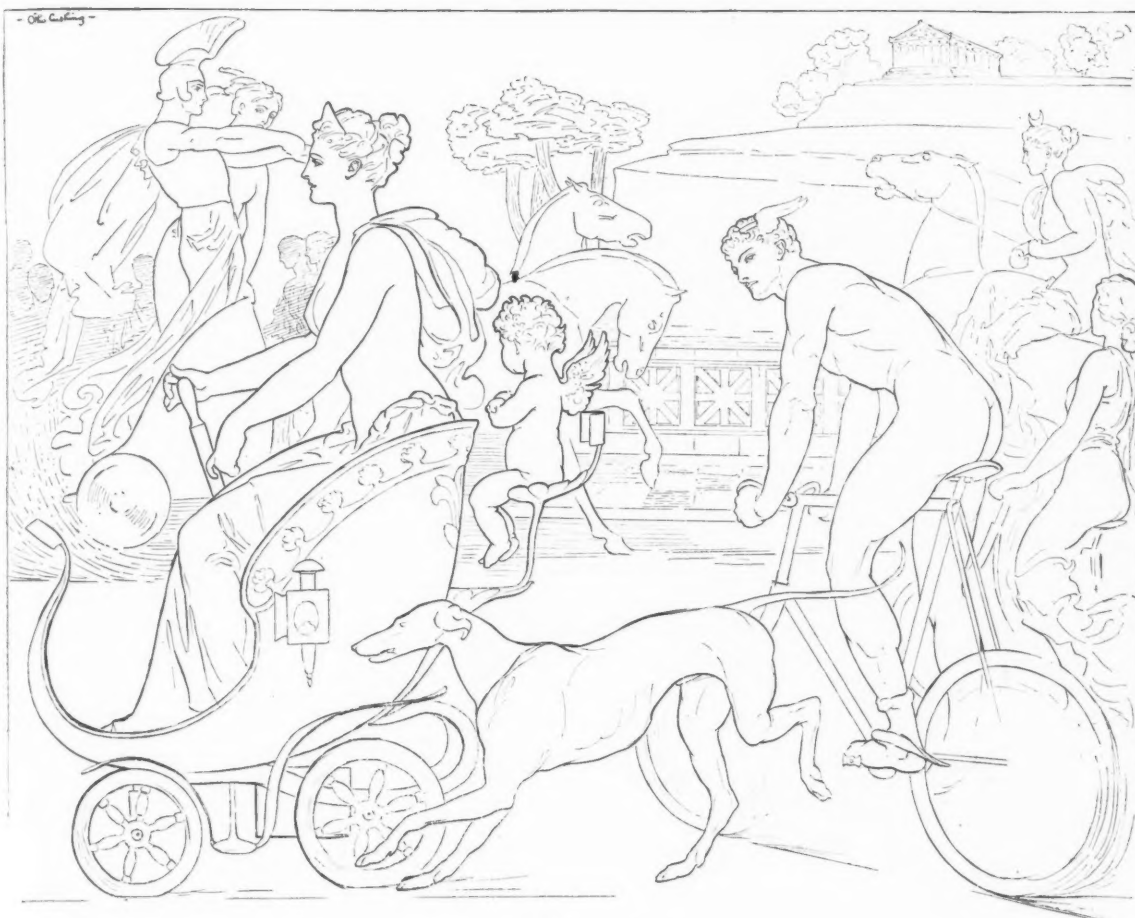
THE PICTURES. C. D. Gibson is the black and white artist who stands at the head of his profession. MR. GIBSON, who is now abroad studying new phases of life, has done the centre picture for the Easter LIFE. Not only is it in his best vein, but it marks the highest development of his talent.

T. K. Hanna, Jr., will have no less than six beautiful half-tones—the beauty and technique of MR. HANNA's work is unsurpassed. Among the other artists are Hyde, Sullivan, Blashfield, Gilbert, and many whose work is so well known to our readers. The half-tone reproductions, which LIFE first introduced in America, will in this number be more profuse and beautiful than ever before.

LITERARY FEATURES. Mr. Edward S. Martin, whose writings have so charmed the readers of LIFE, will contribute to this number an essay written in his own delightful style and illustrated appropriately. There will also be a number of poems by prominent American poets, witty sayings, trenchant talks, and wholesome and pleasing generalities.

Regular Subscribers receive this Number Free of Charge.

LIFE PUBLISHING CO., 19 & 21 West 31st St., New York.



OLYMPUS UP TO DATE.  
ON THE ELEUSINIAN WAY.

## Still Fresh.

THE flowers are faded that I sent,  
My dearest girl, to you.  
I would be happy if the bill,  
Alas! had faded too.

## Sister Somerset's Saving Grace.

**C**ONTRIBUTORY evidence that Lady Henry Somerset is a woman of the world, additional to the evidence of her anti-White Ribbon views on sanitary regulations for soldiers in a tropical climate, comes

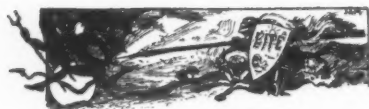
in an unexpected way through the *Critic*. The "Lounge" of that journal testifies that once, when a guest with the late Miss Willard at the Priory, Lady Henry's country home in England, though Miss Willard and Lady Henry drank Apollinaris, "there was wine on the table; for Lady Henry does not force her guests to accept her own principles or imitate her own practice." For another thing, the Priory is also the home of Lady Henry's son, Somers Somerset, "who is not necessarily a total abstainer because his mother is."

If this be indeed Lady Henry's common-sense attitude as hostess and mother toward "banishing the wine-cup," one wonders not a little how she has so long managed to maintain her standing as a sister in the W. C. T. U. By the generally understood doctrine of that organization, there is one depth

lower than that of the drunkard in the gutter, the depth touched by the outwardly respectable person, be such person Yale professor, Princeton divine or lady of the White House, who connives at putting the bottle (decanter) to the lips of neighbors (other respectable persons) when entertained as guests.

The wit who said that hell for Puritans must be a place "where everybody has to save his own soul and mind his own business," undoubtedly cast a prophetic eye down the centuries to the W. C. T. U. and its mission. But Sister Somerset won't then be there. There is saving grace in common sense.

**C**ONSCIOUSNESS of power is power itself.

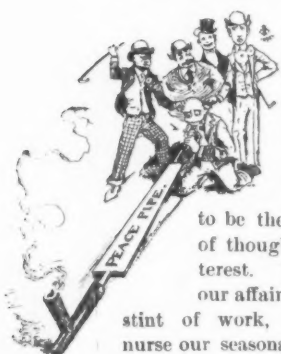


"While there is Life there's Hope."  
VOL. XXXI. MARCH 31, 1898. No. 738.  
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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AS LIFE goes to press, the report of the Maine Board of Inquiry is expected, and our relations with Spain continue to be the engrossing topic of thought and public interest. We all go about our affairs and do our daily stint of work, earn our bread, nurse our seasonable ailments, and meditate at odd moments on our summer plans. But every thinking person carries constantly in his mind the problem of our course with Spain and our duty towards Cuba. That is what men talk about in the intervals of attention to other matters. That is the last thing we think of at night, the first in the morning. It is full of care and dissatisfaction. There is no fun in it. It is just a long strain.

Of course, the Board of Inquiry's report will be of the liveliest interest, but it is not to be expected that it will make any violent change in the situation. Scarcely anyone has any idea that the Spanish Government or Spanish officials had any hand in the *Maine* explosion. Most of us expect to learn that the Board believes the ship was blown up from the outside, and has convincing reasons for that conclusion. But a report to that effect will only complicate a little more the situation, already complex enough. The vital question is when and how the war in Cuba is to be ended.

Senator Proctor's report of what he saw in Cuba gave to many Americans the first information that they trusted about the matters with which it dealt.

We all understand now the miseries that war has brought upon the "pacified" provinces of Cuba. We know that the farming population of those provinces have been herded by Spanish soldiers in towns and inclosures, and that if they go out of bounds they are shot, and if they stay within bounds they die of starvation and disease. We know that tens of thousands of them—men, women and children—have so died; that thousands more are too far gone to be saved alive, and that the Spanish plan for saving Cuba to Spain practically involves the extermination of most of the native population of the island. It is a black picture. Senator Proctor has drawn it with a colorless pencil, but it needs no exaggeration. It leaves us nothing but a choice of evils.



TO fight Spain is a great evil; to annex Cuba is an evil; to overthrow organized government in Cuba is an evil; but to look on at the extermination of a neighboring people by a power of demonstrated unfitness to govern any colony, that is an evil, too. The sin has been Spain's; her rapacity and pride and stubborn incompetence are at the bottom of the trouble. The punishment ought to be hers, too; all hers; but it will probably be distributed about among the unjust and the just, as punishment usually is. It is for us to remember that no course seems possible for our government that is wholly satisfactory, and that the nut it is trying to crack is how to do the most good at the least incidental cost of evil. Realization of the difficulties of the problem ought to make us very patient of delay in its settlement. Appreciation that the choice is a choice of evils should make us resolute to accept the event when it comes. If we get into trouble it will be because there was no other decent way out. So let us possess our souls in patience and in readiness to accept whatever comes.



IN remarking, justly enough, that patriotism ought not to expend it-

self in willingness to fight, but should inspire men with readiness to help to make a country worth fighting for, the valued *Evening Post* takes occasion to remark:

A country worth sacrificing one's life for is not simply a certain area inhabited by mammals. It is a country peopled by highly civilized men, loving arts and literature and science, judged by good judges, administered by experts, financed by competent financiers, illustrated in every field by men who know and cannot be purchased and journalized by the same.

It is doubtful if our intelligent contemporary ever before illustrated in so few words the greatest defect in its equipment as a vehicle of American thought. Its patriotism is judicious, intellectual, of the head. Its country-worth-dying-for is a nice, comfortable, creditable country, where things are well done. There is no

—with all thy faults I love thee still,

My country!

about the *Post*. It is above that sort of twaddle. Peradventure for a righteous country it might even die, but certainly not for a sinner. Alas! for our clever neighbor. Its case is sad and queer. Its head is good enough; its hand is skillful and its conscience vigilant; but, woe and alackaday, the poor thing has no bowels!

A country worth dying for, *Post*, is a country one loves. Whether it is highly civilized like Boston, or partly civilized like Kentucky; whether the folks in it love art, literature and science, or merely freedom and fresh air; whether it is judged, administered, financed and "journalized" by the best men possible, or merely by the best men available, are all, though important, still, secondary considerations. Patriotism is not an opinion; it is a sentiment. It may be wrong-headed; it often is. It may not be enough in itself, untamed by discretion and denied wise guidance, to make a country great, but no country ever became great and no great country ever held together without it. It is indispensable not only to a great country, but to a great newspaper. If the *Post* could swap some of its general intelligence and a measure of its valuable critical faculty for an outfit of not necessarily logical American patriotism, it would make an exceedingly advantageous trade, and augment its usefulness at no cost to its pocket, its conscience, or its place in public esteem.





YOUR DISEASE IS HEREDITARY."

Patient: WHAT MUST I DO, DOCTOR?

"ATTACK THE TROUBLE AT ITS SOURCE: MAKE YOUR FATHER TAKE SULPHUR BATHS AT ONCE."

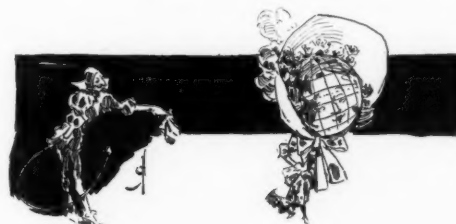
### Thanks Be for Lent!

**T**HANKS be for Lent!  
 With unaccelerated flow, once more  
 Our blood through its accustomed channels moves  
 And we are blessed with normal pulse. The door  
 On Folly's shut. Life in well-ordered grooves  
 Glides slowly on. The old heart-burnings cease  
 In semi-somnolence of social peace.  
 Thanks be for Lent!

No dinners urge the stomach to rebel  
 And mutiny against the palate's sway;  
 No nightmares of dyspepsia's tortures tell;  
 No soothing bromo must we have next day.  
 The inner and the outer man agree  
 On what is good, and all is harmony.  
 Thanks be for Lent!

Thanks fervent come from heart and palate cloyed  
 With social sweets. With gratitude we greet  
 Release from pleasures that we can't avoid—  
 For Rout we gladly substitute Retreat.  
 The current of our means we now reverse,  
 And stop the leak in our depleted purse—  
 Thanks be to Lent!

Wood Levette Wilson.





## Microbe Hunting in Literature.

BOOKS written on the art of criticism are usually dull and superfluous. They are three removes from reality—the order being the book, the criticism of the book, and the criticism of the critic. When one gets so far as that away from the original source of inspiration, there is little left but hair-splitting about terms and phrases. It is as though a boy should choose to play with the shadow of his shadow instead of with a real comrade.

Professor Charles F. Johnson, of Trinity, has written a little book on the "Elements of Literary Criticism" (Harper) which takes a very sensible attitude, as to the value of shadow-playing, in the first sentence of the preface: "The real value of literature lies in the fact that it is a source of pleasure, and it is most to be desired that we enjoy it unconsciously, without any thought of elements, or qualities, or reasons."

He then devotes several hundred pages to a patient and logical attempt to implant self-conscious standards of literary judgment in the minds of young students. It is a pity that any young man must lose the power of spontaneous enjoyment of good literature because he is taught to look for

"musical word-power," "phrasal power," "descriptive power," and the "writer's philosophy." Many a student receives a lasting prejudice against good literature because he has been sent to it with a microscope to look for microbes. No wonder that they fly for relief to Rider Haggard and other romancers who have never been "analyzed" to death.

It is fair to say that Professor Johnson shows a very catholic appreciation of the good things of literature, and if his pupils remember his appreciations and forget his botanizing, the lectures can't harm them irreparably.

We commend to them as a very sound maxim for the understanding of good literature the Professor's remark that "the really important relation of men to each other and to nature is an emotional one, not an intellectual nor a material one."

**B**OLTON HALL has for years labored to reform the world's economics. It is usually a thankless task, and not exciting unless you run for office. He is, therefore, to be pardoned for dressing up his economic ideas in the form of fables and publishing them in a sugar-coated volume, with a cover designed to make the reader believe that within he will find a sensational and possibly wicked tale of love and society. The parboiled young woman who adorns the cover of "Even as You and I" (Neely), and shakes her fist at a Sixth

Avenue mirror, is the last one to be suspected of high economic ideals. If she is a fair sample of what single tax ideas will produce, it is to be hoped that the doctrine will not gain ground.

The fable on the "Nineteenth Century Samaritan" is worth quoting for a good piece of satire. The Samaritan, we are told, had compassion on the victim of landlords, and "went to him and gave him a dispensary card, and called a police ambulance, and gave him the address of a free night lodging-house. And on the morrow he took out a ticket to the Charity Organization Society, and gave it to him that was wounded, and said unto him, 'Take care of that; and if thou needest more, when I come again I will give thee a letter to the woodward.'"

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON'S "Southern Soldier Stories" (Macmillan) are episodes of the Civil War, true and fictitious, that are told compactly and with considerable dramatic effect. There is nothing in them to make civilized readers long for war as a blessing in disguise. Mr. Eggleston was a soldier, and has no false ideas about war.

But Lucy Cleveland's patriotic poems, "The Scarlet-veined" (Randolph), don't look on war with any squeamish reserves. She wants to see Armenia, and Greece and Cuba, and the whole oppressed Earth, washed up and set to rights with blood, and plenty of it! *Droch.*

## Forward!

*The Zoöphilist* quotes Dr. E. L. Gros, of the Faculty of Paris, as saying in his essay on gout and rheumatism: "Strange as it may seem, in this era of marvelous discoveries and undreamed of wealth of knowledge, this very subject is not much more advanced than in the days of Hippocrates." This reminds us of the other subjects which do not seem to advance: knowledge concerning the origin and prevention of cancer, for example. We have no statistics at hand, but ordinary observation more and more strongly impresses our minds with the fact of the great increase of this frightful disease, and the lack of cure for it. How does this accord with the wonderful advance of medical science, of which we hear so much from the vivisectionists?—*Journal of Zoöphilie*.

IT does not accord with it, but the vivisector is not influenced by trifles of that nature. He is going to have his fun. The excitement of cutting up a living horse or dog or cat, becomes, after a time, a necessity. It is like any other habit.

But LIFE hopes for great results from the practice of vivisection in the public schools. The next and natural step will be for boys to torture dogs and cats in their own backyards and cellars, and when this custom once becomes general, we are sure that medical science will make short work of many diseases that are now considered fatal. And when unscientific "sentimentalists" allow

these same boys to experiment on their smaller brothers and sisters, the millennium of "discovery" will be full upon us.

To Whom It May Concern.

LIFE will give one hundred dollars for the best short story received at this office before June 1, 1898. Seventy-five dollars will be paid for the second best, and fifty dollars for the third best. Among the other stories received, but not, in the judgment of the editors, entitled to any of these awards, LIFE will pay twenty-five dollars for each story accepted.

The stories should contain a fresh, original idea, and should be American in tone, bright, cheerful, crisp, with a good climax. They may be fanciful, sentimental, ghostly, fantastic, social, but a touch of humor is desirable. The stories must contain between fifteen hundred and two thousand words. All manuscripts must be typewritten, and addressed to the Short Story Editor of LIFE.

THE lover at the altar thinks, like Columbus, he has reached the Indies.



# A Gas-Log Study.

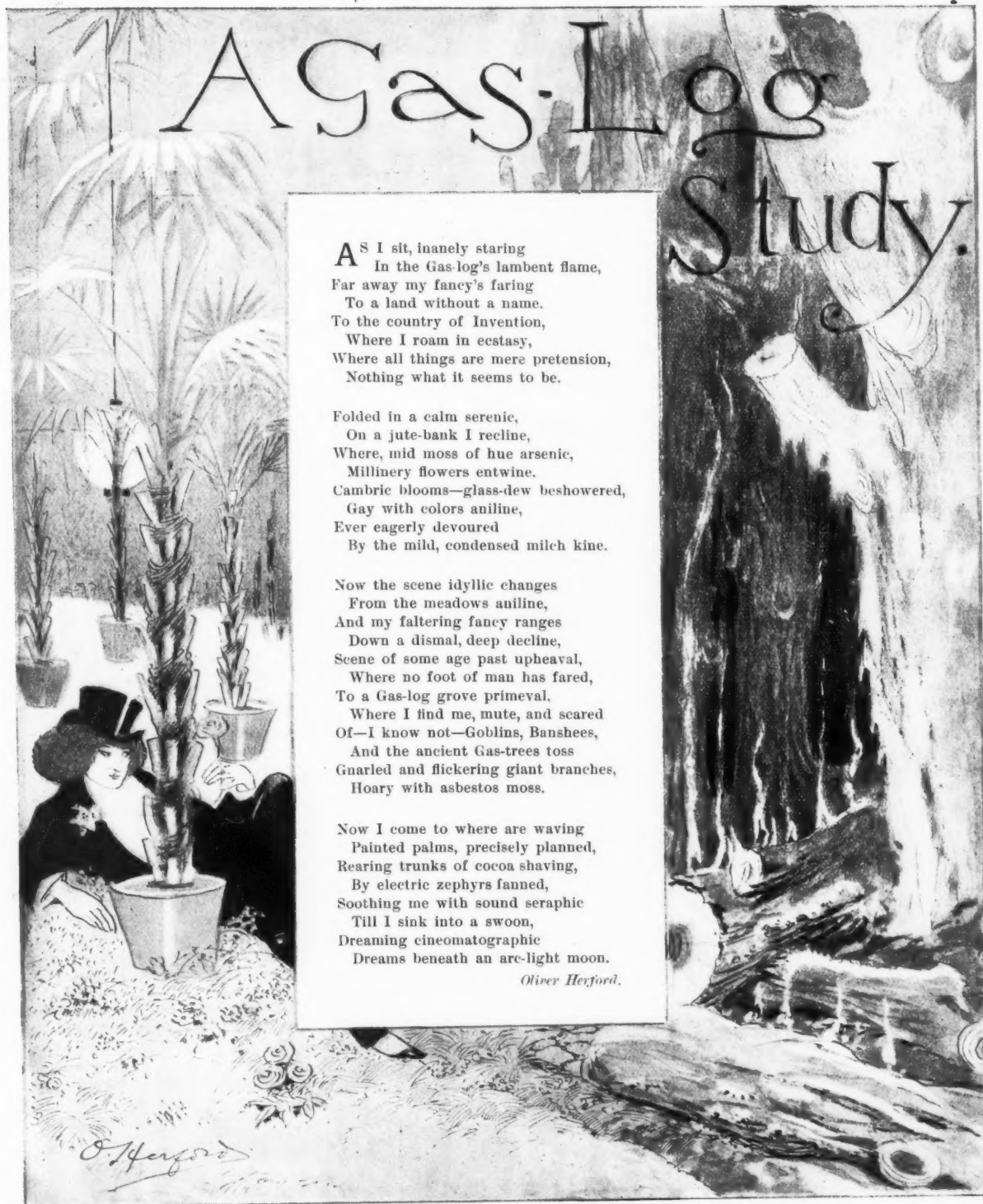
AS I sit, inanely staring  
In the Gas-log's lambent flame,  
Far away my fancy's faring  
To a land without a name.  
To the country of Invention,  
Where I roam in ecstasy,  
Where all things are mere pretension,  
Nothing what it seems to be.

Folded in a calm serene,  
On a jute-bank I recline,  
Where, mid moss of hue arsenic,  
Millinery flowers entwine.  
Cambric blooms—glass-dew beshowered,  
Gay with colors aniline,  
Ever eagerly devoured  
By the mild, condensed milch kine.

Now the scene idyllic changes  
From the meadows aniline,  
And my faltering fancy ranges  
Down a dismal, deep decline,  
Scene of some age past upheaval,  
Where no foot of man has fared,  
To a Gas-log grove primeval.  
Where I find me, mute, and scared  
Of—I know not—Goblins, Banshees,  
And the ancient Gas-trees toss  
Gnarled and flickering giant branches,  
Hoary with asbestos moss.

Now I come to where are waving  
Painted palms, precisely planned,  
Rearing trunks of cocoa shaving,  
By electric zephyrs fanned,  
Soothing me with sound seraphic  
Till I sink into a swoon,  
Dreaming cinematographic  
Dreams beneath an arc-light moon.

*Oliver Herford.*



### Major Brace's Embarrassment.



MY friend, Major Brace, has been telling me that the rector of the church which he goes to, observing the sedateness of his walk and the salubrity of his conversation, has called his attention to the expediency of becoming a somewhat more formal pillar of the temple, by making public attestation of his connection with it. The Major, being in decided sympathy with the purposes of the church, has been looking into the matter. He finds it requisite, among other things, if he joins the church, to take upon his own shoulders all the responsibilities assumed on his account by his sponsors in baptism. He says his sponsors agree on his account to renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, and other matters which the prayer-book specifies. He has no kindness, he says, for the devil, and no desire to retain the usufruct of any of his works, but "the vain pomp and glory of the world" has given him some slight pause, because of a difficulty in determining precisely what specifications these somewhat loose descriptive terms include.

If "vain pomp and glory" means plumes on a hearse, he will cheerfully forego them. If it means the privilege of having his portrait in the newspapers, he will not cleave to that. He is quite willing to give up, so far as lies in him, all purpose and expectation of marrying either of his daughters to any member of the British peerage, all unchristian joy over our country's bold gesticulations in behalf of Cuba, all pride in the United States Senate beyond what loyalty demands, and all hope of having either of his sons on the football team of any prominent university. Further than that he does not quite know how to go, and yet these renunciations somehow seem trivial to him when footed up and balanced against the sonorous interrogation of the church.

"Where shall I get any vain pomp?" the Major demands. "Do you really think it grows in this country, or that a republican form of government is consistent with it? I own I am often proud of Mrs. Brace's clothes, and her glorious and majestic appearance in them when they are new. I even take a pleasure in that brilliant aggregation of jewels which is known in our family as 'The Constellation,' and which she often wears of an evening with admirable



"BREAKING IT GENTLY."

### Chauncey M. Depew.

WE love him for his well-considered thought and diction neat;  
We love him for the stories that he knows how to repeat;  
Somehow, when Chauncey tells them, they take on an added charm—  
If we have heard them all before, pray tell us what's the harm?  
We love him for his manner, his approachableness, too—  
There never was another man like Chauncey M. Depew.  
'Tis true that Chauncey isn't good at lying on the shelf;  
He much prefers to move about and advertise himself.  
'Tis true, behind that polished front, suave and kind and gay,  
The figure of sleek Vanity is stalking night and day.  
No medium too small for him to work—aye, that is true,  
And yet we love and reverence our Chauncey M. Depew.  
We love him for the tact that he so gracefully displays;  
We learn from Chauncey M. that tact invariably pays.  
He teaches us that little man, by sitting up quite late  
And talking, may lead some of us to thinking he is great.  
Some think he is a fraud—but that will never, never do—  
We're bound to love and reverence our Chauncey M. Depew.

effect. 'The Constellation' may be a vain pomp, but it is not mine. Mrs. Brace must settle about it herself. I might renounce the yellow shoes I bought last year, and which I own I did not like the less for being ostentatious, but their day is so far advanced that they are poms no longer. I confess that I am somewhat disconcerted. I could renounce the devil, though really he is almost as vague an entity to me as the ambiguous 'Mrs. Astor,' but I shall have to take further counsel with the rector about the poms and vanities. Perhaps he will understand them in some sense which will make them seem tangible enough to let go, but, unless he does, it puzzles me to know how I am to give them up without blushing before all the congregation."

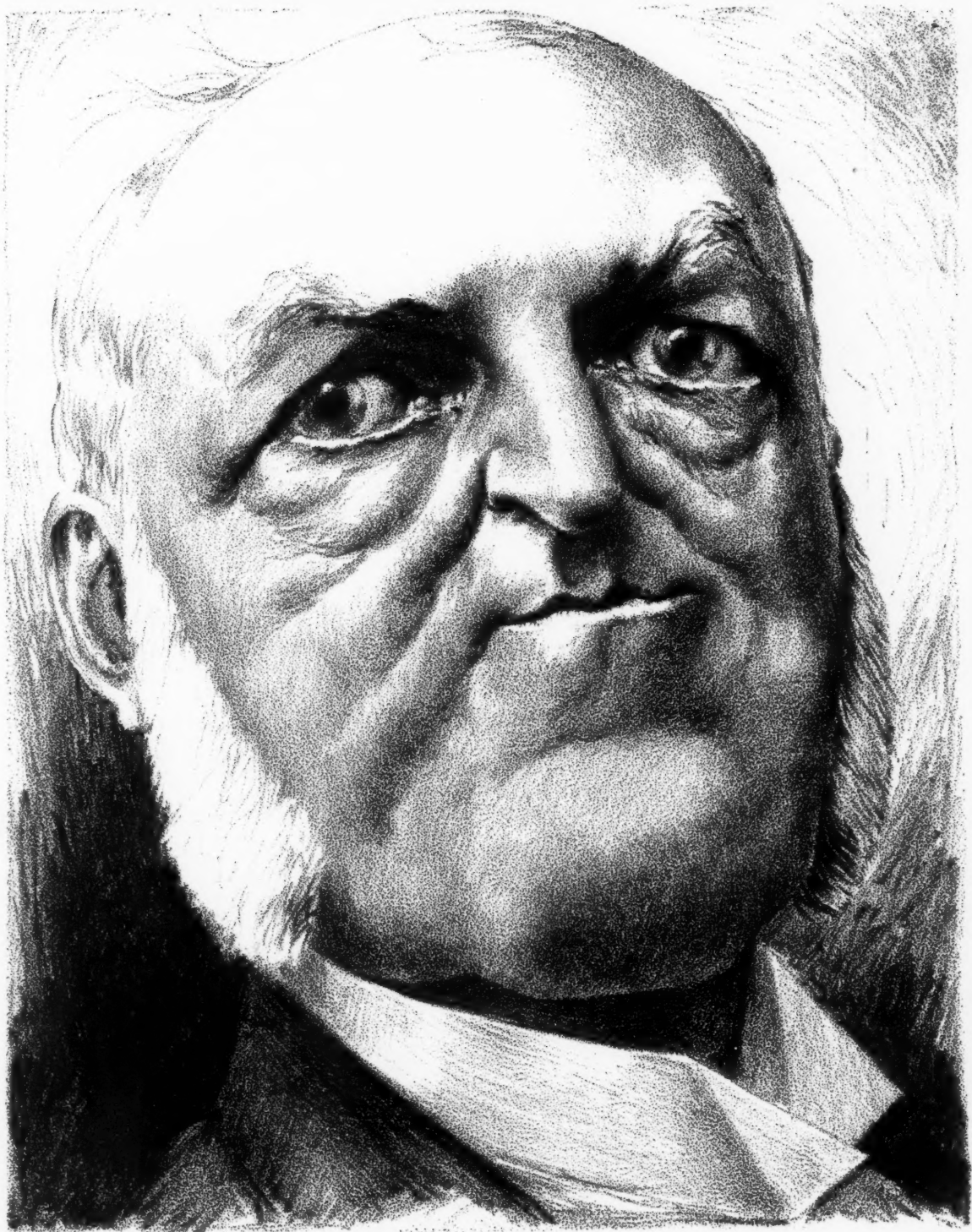
E. S. M.

### Itinerant Feasting.

THE newspapers report the invention of a new kind of dinner-party, which starts as far downtown as is convenient, and works uptown, stopping at one restaurant after another for relays of food. One such entertainment, of which public record has been made, began in University Place, continued in a gastronomic lair on Madison Square, and was wound up on Fifth Avenue in the neighborhood of Thirty-fourth Street. The advantages of this ingenious plan are very striking. It involves several layouts of flowers and increased expenditure for conveyances, and gives the guests convenient opportunities to shake down their food and prepare for new exertions. It also obviates the necessity for anything like sustained conversation, and thus simplifies the intellectual end of the entertainment. It is a very pretty device, and helps us all to realize that the world moves, and that civilization has by no means stood still since the days of Lucullus.





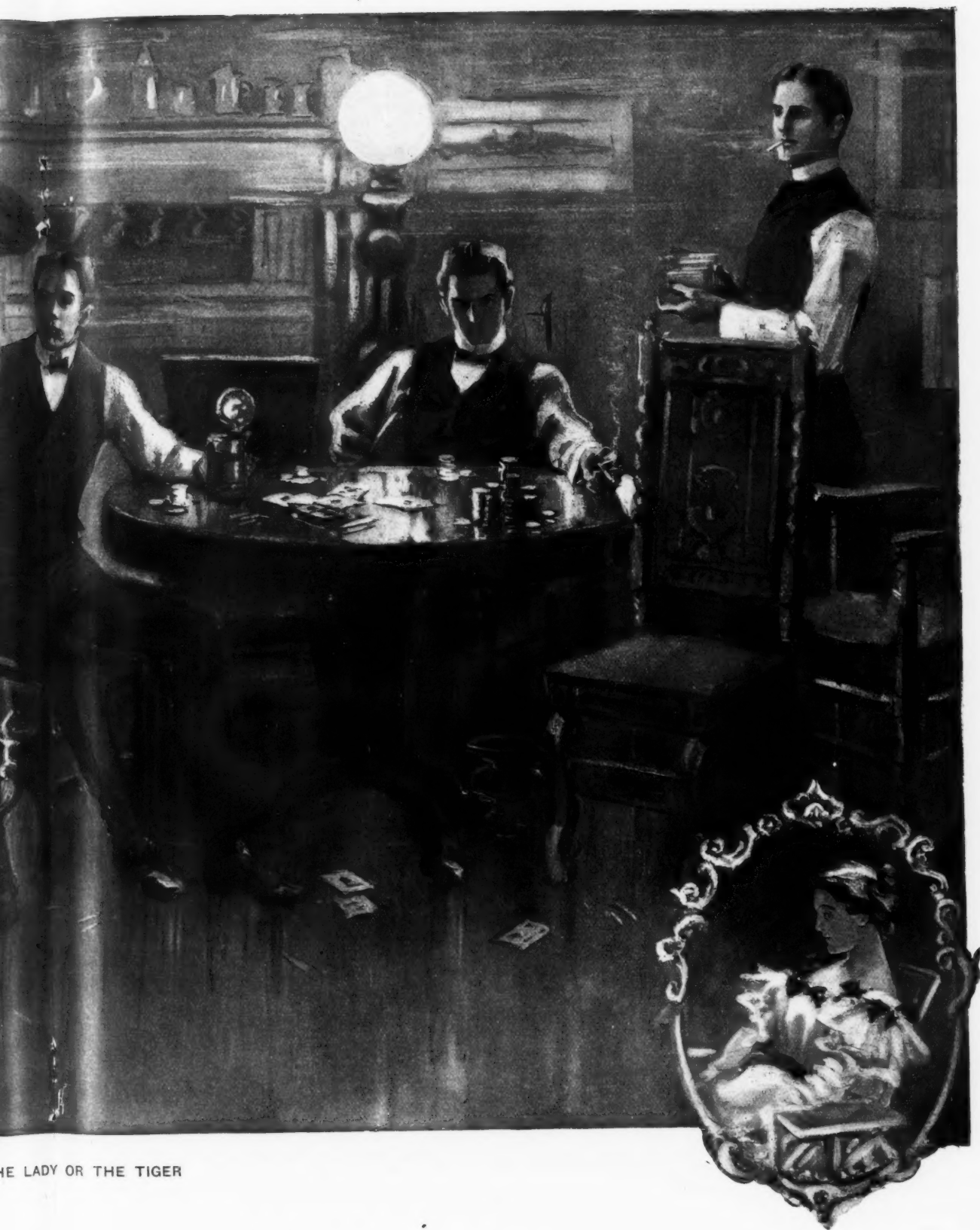


CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW



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THE LADY OF



THE LADY OR THE TIGER





### A Chance for the Resurrectionist.

**A**s a corpse-reviver, Mr. Edouard Evangeline Rice has acquired quite a reputation. He has taken two or three pieces which, on their first production, tottered on the verge of failure, and by skillful tinkering turned them into at least financial successes. "The French Maid" and "The Ballet Girl" are cases in point.

If Mr. Rice can make any kind of a success of "Monte Carlo," he is indeed a worker of miracles. New York has rarely seen so pretentious a production fall so utterly flat on its first presentation. In the first place, its title was a misnomer, and raised expectations of devilishness which were realized in not one particular—not even in the scenery. The piece might quite as well have been called "Asbury Park," or "Philadelphia," or any other dead place.

It was announced as "a combination of mirth, melody and nonsense." Such mirth as there was, was confined to the people on the stage, who guarded it jealously among themselves, and permitted not a single, tiny atom to escape to the audience. Such melody as the piece contained was committed to male performers who could not sing, and to obscure lady artists whose vocal cords showed the kind of wear and tear peculiar to a long apprenticeship at "Beef-and!" or "Two white wings with the sunny side up!"

To this statement Miss Marguerita Sylva is an exception, and her not remarkable abilities and graces stood out from the background of worse than mediocrity like the Bartholdi Statue as seen from Washington Bridge in a heavy fog.

"Monte Carlo" is an importation from London, and it shows it. The book is of the usual deadly British kind, and the score has all the defects and none of the virtues which are to be found in London successes. Not even weak local gags, delivered in Cockney dialect, with a strong Bowery accent, could make the piece acceptable to the most unintellectual of Tenderloin Johnnies.

The enemies of Tammany Hall, however, may congratulate themselves on the production of "Monte Carlo," for it accomplished what they

will all consider an act of retributive justice. Two boxes at the opening performance were occupied by the shining lights in that organization. But even the stony-hearted Mr. Lawrence Godkin would have pitied Mr. Croker, Mayor VanWyck, Commissioner Cram and the rest of them, if he could have known what sitting through "Monte Carlo" involved. Tammany's staying powers are good in other places as well as in political office, and not a man flinched at his post. Their faces wore a look of grim determination, and they sat through two long acts of uninteresting music badly sung, of mournful attempts at would-be fun, and of dancing as lacking in novelty as it was in grace, with the stolidity of Indians at the stake.

"Monte Carlo" provides an excellent illustration of one of the most remarkable of theatrical mysteries. If it had been produced by novices who understood nothing of catering to the public, one might understand why it was put on a Broadway stage. Its producers are men who have spent their lives in similar ventures, who heard the music, who many times saw the piece in rehearsal, and yet spent thousands of dollars in a venture which it would seem the veriest tyro in theatrical affairs must have known would be a failure. Perhaps they were lured on by the managerial belief that New York theatre-goers are so stupid that almost anything may be shoved down their throats with the proper booming. The Trust people, who keep failures on the New York stage hoping to retrieve their losses by the prestige a metropolitan run gives their plays when they take them to the smaller cities, are somewhat responsible for this managerial delusion. Naturally, they are not grieving when they see their competitors fall into the snare.

To its other sins, "Monte Carlo" added the tawdry and overworked device of a flag display at the close of the piece, with its cheap appeal to patriotism. Our theatres are getting to be as bad as the yellow journals in playing upon the best of American sentiments for purely commercial purposes. *Metcalfe.*

### Hitting the Nail on the Head.

**PUSSIE:** What's it mean by kleptomania, Herbie?

**HERBIE:** Oh, it's a way of taking things without there being any harm in it.

"Without there being any harm in it?"

"Yes—to the person that takes 'em."







THE LAND OF FALLEN NATIONS.—A NEWCOMER.

### A Scrap of History.

THE first revolver ever made  
Outdates the human race;  
For it appeared when this old earth  
First whirled away through space.

### Can a Yellow Paper Blush?



ON March 19th, Assistant Secretary Roosevelt paused long enough from the transaction of public business to state that an alleged interview with him that had appeared in the *New York Journal* was an invention from beginning to end, and that he found it "difficult to understand the kind of infamy that resorts to such methods." He says: "I never in public or private commended the *New York Journal*."

A short note sent by him on the same day to the *Journal's* Washington correspondent in reply to a letter requesting that the *Journal's* story should not be

denied, winds up with these words:

"In your final paragraph you say that you trust you will not have to change your opinion of me. I can imagine nothing which would be of less consequence to me."

So apparently the *Journal* printed a lie about Mr. Roosevelt, and threatened to "change its opinion" of him if he denied it! Another, and delightful, case of waking up the wrong passenger.

### The Rise of Richard.

IT was a dark January afternoon. The street was filled with two great crowds surging in opposite directions. A cold wind blew sharply, and from the sky dropped occasional flakes of snow. Little Richard stood at the crossing, sweeping aside the slush with his broom. His tattered garments were poor protection against the cold. He paused to touch his cap from time to time as a richly-dressed woman passed him, and

to remark, "Good day, guv'ner," to the men in tail hats. As one of the most flashily dressed of the women approached the crossing, a diamond pin fell from her dress to the crossing-sweeper's feet. With a sudden sweep of his broom, Richard pushed it to one side so quickly that no one noticed; then, clutching it in his grimy fingers, the boy gazed at the stones. Was wealth within his grasp? Mince pie, and the theatre, and a bull-pup? And, better than all, medicine for his crippled father? A second's indecision, a second look at the stones, and he sped after the woman and thrust the pin into her hand. A tear was ready to fall from the lad's eye, and a lump was in his throat, but Virtue had triumphed. In that short second Richard had made up his mind that those diamonds were paste.

To-day Richard is a Customs Inspector.

AT THE DEPARTMENT STORE.



"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, SIR, GET AWAY FROM THE PNEUMATIC TUBE!"

To the Editor of Life:

SIR—I am pleased to see that one of the many contestants was successful in "Pegasus" Contest Number Three, and that the prize of two hundred dollars is awarded to a lady for her correct guess, yet I fail to see that your decision is a correct one, as "the sentence selected for which the picture was made" is not a sentence after all, but simply a part of a sentence, the last word of which being punctuated with a comma.

A sentence as I understand it is "a period; a number of words forming a complete statement, or utterance of thought, and followed by a full stop."

I have two editions of Longfellow before me, one by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., recent and complete, and the other by James R. Osgood & Co., complete edition of 1871, and I find the following line punctuated as follows:

*O, would I were a soldier, not a scholar,*

The punctuation is exactly the same in each edition which I have before me.

You can easily understand why so many of the contestants were misled in following the directions which were laid down as a guidance in the contest. Yours, very respectfully,

J. W. CRENSHAW.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA, March 11, 1898.

Our correspondent arrives at his conclusion too hastily. The Century Dictionary defines a sentence as follows:

In *gram.*, a form of words having grammatical completeness; a number of words constituting a whole, as the expression of a statement, inquiry or command; a combination of subject and predicate.

### A Curious Shop.

I'VE seen the strangest, weirdest shop

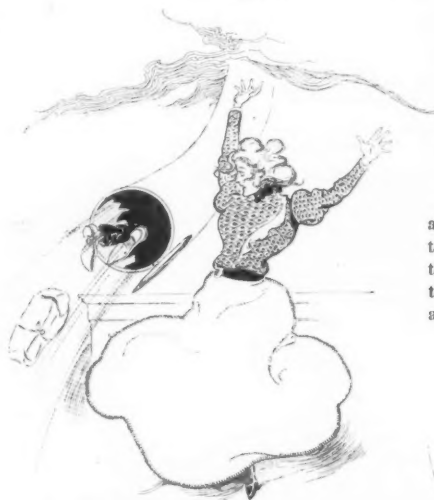
That shoppers ever knew,  
Where one is ne'er allowed to stop,  
And must go flying through.

One never sees a bargain sale  
In this strange shopping place,  
And disappointment casts her veil  
O'er every pallid face.

Here one buys laughter; there, hot tears,  
And such a lot of care!  
The basement's stocked with years and years,  
Yet has not one to spare!

Here is some ardent love to buy,  
There is the counter where  
One finds unlimited supply  
Of anger and despair.

Ambition leads the motley crew  
Down to the counter fame,  
And says, "I'm sorry, friends, for you,  
'Twas all gone ere you came!"



BUT THE WARNING CAME TOO LATE.

Each clerk is smooth, and smug, and bland,  
And when you think you've got  
The goods you've paid for in your hand,  
You're fooled as like as not!

Indeed, this is the queerest store,  
For all the human pack  
Who enter through the swinging door  
Can never more turn back.

So on they march through aisle and aisle,  
Through passages they wend;  
But, oh! it takes a dreary while  
To reach the long-sought end.

Who run the shop? All may divine  
Its managers, for lo!

On looking up you'll see this sign:

"The Messrs. Fate & Co.!"

Harold MacGrath.

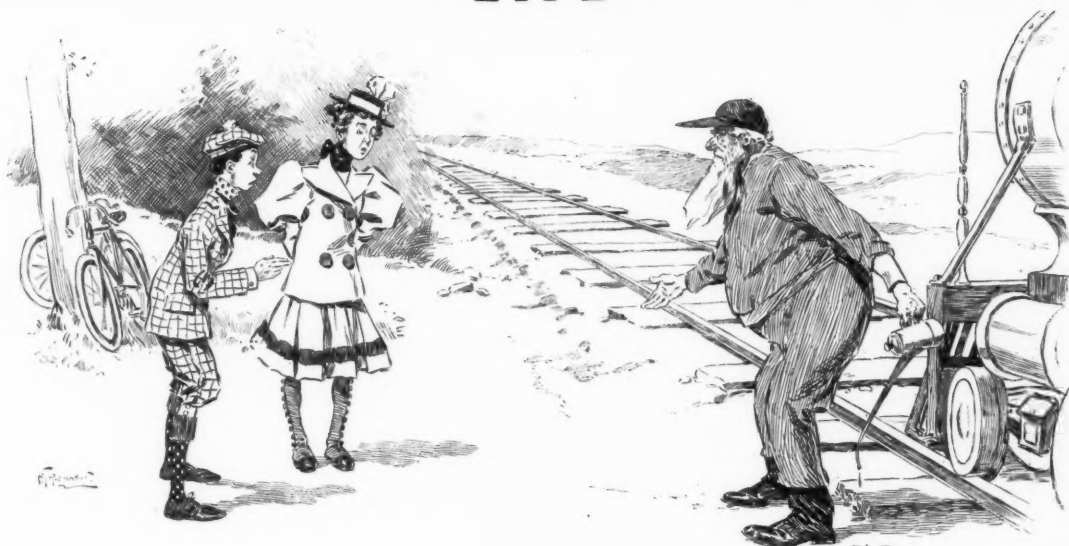
### One Week from the Diary of a Baby.

MONDAY—I cannot say that I am glad I am here. At this early stage it is bad enough to be with one's parents, but when a trained nurse is added, the situation is almost unbearable. One of the first things this individual did was to stretch around my helpless form a coarse woolen health band. It was new, of course, and scratched like the mischief. Then she began to build me up with woolen clothes, until I became literally all wool and a yard wide. Of course I cried, and excited the sympathy of my mother, but the nurse laughed and told her she was new at the business, and that it was just what I needed to make me grow. Then she put me in a basket, covered me over with a couple of heavy California blankets, put an eiderdown quilt on top, and smothered my head so that I couldn't breathe. If I live through this it will be a wonder.

Tuesday—This morning I was so thoroughly exhausted that, in spite of the frightful heat, I managed to doze. Not for long, however, for the doctor came in and I had to be examined. The temperature was then over eighty, but they turned on a double head of steam, built a fire in the grate and lighted all the gas-jets before the nurse began to unwind me. They put me on the bed and spread a blanket awning over me to ward off any chance zephyrs, and then the doctor put a telephone arrangement to one ear and the other end to my back, and listened hard. I hope I am all right



HE ARRIVED SAFELY, HOWEVER, AT THE CASHIER'S DESK.



ONE RESOURCE.

"THERE WE WERE," SAID THE ENGINEER. "WE WERE GOING AT LEAST FIFTY MILES AN HOUR. IN FRONT WAS THE BURNING BRIDGE AND BEHIND WERE TWELVE COACHES FILLED WITH PASSENGERS. THE LOCOMOTIVE WAS RUSHING TOWARD DESTRUCTION AT A FRIGHTFUL PACE. IT WAS AN AWFUL MOMENT."

*The Boy:* WHY DIDN'T YOU BACK-PEDAL?

inside. I've been worried about it ever since. After this I was pinched from head to foot and subjected to all sorts of indignities, built up again, and thrown back into bed. There is one thing to console me. I must come of good stock. No ordinary constitution could stand this sort of thing.

Wednesday—This morning I was given my first bath. No language can fitly describe the horror of this. It's bad enough to be dipped and scrubbed with a cotton fish-net, but to be wiped off afterwards by a total stranger, with no feelings, is something no ordinary mind can conceive of. This afternoon the cook came in and said that either she or the trained nurse would have to go. I hope the cook will stay.

Thursday—This morning my father came in, glanced at me furtively, kissed my mother, stammered something, and abruptly left the room. I am beginning to have a growing respect for that man. He is the only one who has sense enough to leave me alone. Later, the doctor came and ordered more steam. He might make a good attendant in a Turkish bath, but as a physician for infants he is no phenomenon. A few more days like this and my nervous system will be gone.

Friday—To-day I managed to develop a case of colic. If these people can make a human being suffer so when there is nothing particular the matter with him, just think of how their sphere is enlarged when real symptoms are apparent. I was ham-

pered on the back, as the nurse expressed it, "to relieve me," and then they gave me lukewarm water and peppermint every few minutes. Prussic acid was what I wanted. They have spent the last four days in wearing me out, and now, when nature revolts, they fill me up with stuff that I don't need. The worst of it is, I am beginning to lose my nerve.

Saturday—I've had enough of this world. To-day the relatives came. In thirty minutes eighteen different systems of bringing me up were explained, all equally horrible. It's bad enough at present, but any of these would be certain death. For two mortal hours I was handled and jounced. This was the last straw. Utterly exhausted, with a broken spirit, I await the future with all hope gone.

*Tom Mosson.*

Yale Is Interested.

IT is remarked, with a degree of detail that admits of no contradiction that is not authoritative and expert, that New Haven has no defenses, and that the preventives to the entrance of hostile warships into Long Island Sound from its western end are inadequate. Inasmuch as the location of the Winchester Arms Company at New Haven would make that town a point of interest to a visiting fleet, it is within the range of possibility that, if we have war, the material part of Yale University may be exposed to very serious peril. In view of this chance, it seems only a reasonable precaution that the Yale football team should go at once into active training, and that Yale diplomacy, schooled and tried on a field of perennial dispute, should lend the administration all the aid it can in bringing current complications to an amicable issue.



INCORRIGIBLE.





# SARTORIAL.

The fashion plates are blooming now  
Where'er our eyes are turning;  
Designs that clothe the form with grace  
Or fill the heart with yearning.

The spring will bring them forth once more.  
Fine garments by the million,  
Fit for the military man  
And for the staid civilian.

In droves adown the street they'll go,  
To fascinate each charmer—  
But none so fine as Uncle Sam  
In his new spring suit of armor.

—Washington Times.

CONGRESSMAN DENNIS (ten years hence): Mr. Speaker, I desire to present a bill granting a pension to Fake Scribbler, ex-editor of *The Hullabaloo*, whose health was ruined by the excitement consequent upon waging in his columns the late war against Spain.

—Philadelphia North American.

FRIEND: I've read a number of your magazine articles, but I must confess I have failed to see any merit in them.

AUTHOR: Thanks, old man; I'm glad to hear you say so. "What! Do you mean to tell me you are proud of their lack of merit?"

"No, not exactly; but, you see, it's more profitable to cater to the magazine editors than to the public."

—Chicago News.

"SENATOR SULLOWAY, of New Hampshire, tells a good one when he gets warmed on the civil service question," said one of the statesmen who came to help the Michigan Club celebrate Washington's birthday. "Somewhere in the South a bright colored boy appeared before the Commission to be examined for the position of letter-carrier."

"How far is it from the earth to the moon?" was the first question asked by those who were to determine the young man's fitness for the place he sought.

"How far am I from de earf to de moon?" echoed the applicant. "My Lawd, boss, if you's gwine to put me on dat route I don't want de job."

"With that the young man grabbed his hat and left as though he were chased."—Detroit Free Press.

DURING the visit of a political gentleman to Kentucky his servant came into his room early one morning and announced the coldest weather of the season.

"Hit's so cold, kunnell," he said, "dat all de whiskey's froze hard!"

"What!" shrieked the colonel, jumping out of bed.

"Dey tells me de whiskey's froze, sub."

"Well, well! That beats my time! But—say John!"

"Yes, sub."

"Just go down and bring me up a hunk of it. I always did like cracked ice!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

"DR. BIRD thinks Florry's new gown is perfection."

"But what does he say of her mother's condition?"

"Why, we haven't asked him yet. You see, he's such a swell, elegant man that we hate to broach business matters to him so early."—North American.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

HARPER AND BROTHERS: NEW YORK AND LONDON.

*Spun-Yarn. Sea Stories.* By Morgan Robertson.

*The War of Worlds.* By H. G. Wells.

*Dreamers of the Ghetto.* By I. Zangwill.

*Wonder Talks from Wagner.* By Anna Alice Chapin.

HERBERT S. STONE AND COMPANY: CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.

*How to Play Golf.* By H. J. Whigham.

*Across the Salt Seas.* By John Bloundelle-Burton.

*The Pride of Jennico.* By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*Tales of the City Room.* By Elizabeth G. Jordan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*Eugene Field in His Home.* By Ida Comstock Below. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

HOSTESS (at party): And does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home. WILLIE: WILLIE (who has asked for a second piece). No, ma'am.

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

WILLIE (confidently): "Oh, she wouldn't care. This isn't her pie."—Tit-Bits.

AN ambitious young man wrote to an author for advice.

"I'm only making ten dollars a month at my business," he wrote, "and I think I could make a success in literature."

The author replied: "I am only averaging nine dollars a month at my business. Tell me what yours is, and if you are anxious to jump into literature, I'll swap with you."—Atlanta Constitution.

For sale by all Newdealers in Great Britain. The International News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane, London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris; Saarbach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence, Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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This method of marking  
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exact information as to  
weights, and enables them to  
more readily compare values  
with articles for similar uses  
sold by other dealers.

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establishment.

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MR. ERNEST, for the past fifteen years  
the leading Ladies' Tailor in New York,  
has recently established himself in London,  
where he is showing in his extensive  
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stimulant, endorsed and  
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Turtle Oil Soap

and

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For the Toilet.

It is Now Nearly  
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distiller and learned chemist, discovered the famous Spring  
Water and first distilled

**OLD CROW RYE**

It has never been equalled, and  
has consequently stood at the  
head of the whole list of American  
Whiskies for all these decades. It  
has steadfastly maintained its  
quality, reputation and popularity.  
Buy only of reliable houses  
Bottled only by

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Also Broadway & 27th St., N. Y.





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comes from "training on"



*Vigoral*

Endorsed by the leading cyclists and athletes of the day as the ideal health drink—nourishing, refreshing, delicious. For the weak as well as the strong.

Prepared in a minute, with cold or hot water.  
At druggists and grocers.

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MADE IN CALF, PATENT-CALF AND FRENCH ENAMEL.

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WE have always endeavored to give the wearers of W. L. Douglas Shoes the best that could be made at the price, and in announcing our spring and summer goods, we do so with the assurance that the results obtained will be duly appreciated by those who desire a first-class shoe at popular prices.

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## Genuine Farina Cologne



is imitated so closely in bottles and labels that even dealers are sometimes deceived. The genuine bears the words, "gegenüber dem Julichs-Platz," the address of the great Farina distillery, "gegenüber dem Julichs-Platz" (opposite

the Julichs Place).

Schnefflin & Co., New York, Sole Agents.

## What Are Club Cocktails?



"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearian definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

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have no terrors for the rider of a

## Columbia Bevel-Gear Chainless Bicycle

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# SEN-SEN

THROAT EASE and BREATH PERFUME  
Good for Young and Old.  
SEN-SEN CO. 221 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FORGIVENESS.

They loved each other well, they swore,  
And so to wed they wildly hoped;  
Wherefore it wasn't long before  
They laughed at locksmiths and eloped.

Her pa forgave, as papas do;  
Her mamma, too, forgave and blessed;  
His ma and pa forgave them, too,  
And brothers, sisters—all the rest.

And only two could not forgive;  
They've not forgiven to this day,  
And won't as long as e'er they live—  
They can't forgive themselves, they say.

—London Figaro.

ASBURY PARK AS A SPRING RESORT.

Admirably located directly on the ocean, Asbury Park, N. J., is one of the most attractive Spring resorts along the New Jersey coast. Its ocean promenade, broad gravelled avenues, bicycle paths, romantic drives, picturesque walks, climate, ocean, lake, and rural scenery are unrivaled. The Pennsylvania Railroad affords excellent train service from New York and Philadelphia. Trains leave Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, weekdays, and West Twenty-third Street and Desbrosses and Cortlandt Streets, New York, daily. Several hotels are now open for Spring business.

A HOME RULE candidate in Ireland was engaged in canvassing, when he visited a workingman's house, in the principal room of which a pictorial representation of the Pope faced an illustration of King William, of pious and immortal memory, in the act of crossing the Boyne. The worthy man stared from one to the other in amazement, and seeing his surprise, the voter's wife explained:

"Shure, my husband's an Orangeman and I'm a Catholic."

"How do you get on together?" asked the astonished politician.

"Very well, indade," replied the lady, "barring the twelfth of July, when my husband goes out with the Orange procession and comes home drunk."

"Well?"

"Well, he always takes the Pope down and jumps on him, and then goes straight to bed. The next morning I get up early, take down King William and pawn him—and buy a new Pope with the money. Then I give the old man the ticket to get King William out."—*The Wave*.

ASHEVILLE AND HOT SPRINGS, N. C.

These two charming resorts, located in the mountains of Western North Carolina, are now being rapidly filled with winter tourists from the North. A more delightful place cannot be found to avoid the disagreeable March winds. They are easily reached from New York, via Pennsylvania and Southern Railway, by the Washington and Southwestern Limited, which leaves New York daily at 4.30 p. m., making the trip within twenty-two hours in through Pullman drawing-room sleeping-cars. For full particulars, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, N. Y.

"There are hazards in the game of golf, are there not?" asked the ignorant one.

"Hazards!" exclaimed the veteran. "Well, I should say so. Why, no less than three marriage engagements were announced after the last match."

—Chicago Evening Post.

OLD FARMER: That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them?

AMATEUR: Why, corn, of course.

"In the ear?"

"Certainly not; in the mouth."—*Chicago News*.

WIFE (enthusiastically): How much do you think we took in at the bazaar?

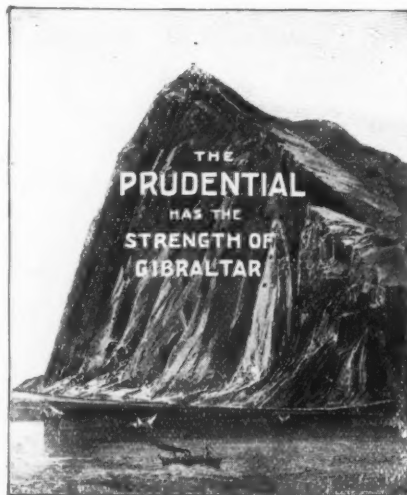
HUSBAND (quietly): How many, you mean.

—Boston Traveler.

Prince of Wales's favorite wine,  
de LOSSY-HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.

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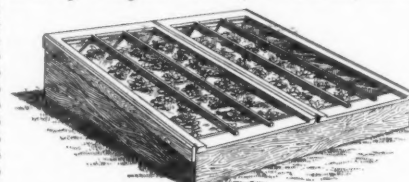
We this year make but one model,  
and crowd into that all possible  
quality and beauty. There is no  
bicycle to compare with the

**Waverley**  
**Bicycles \$50**

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Capstan  
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LATEST NOVELTIES SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED:

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LUXURY, COMFORT, SPEED, For

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CÔTÉ DES DAMES.

C'EST UNE SUITE DE TABLEAUX CINÉMATOGRAPHIQUES, REPRÉSENTANT L'ÉVASION DU PETIT DAUPHIN LOUIS XVII, DE LA PRISON DU TEMPLE DANS UN PANIER DE LINGÉ SALE, PAR LES SOINS DE MME PAMELA, MARCHANDE DE FRIVOLITÉS. ON NE VOIT PAS LES FRIVOLITÉS; MAIS ON VOIT LE GÉNÉRAL BARRAS, JOSEPHINE DE BEAUHARNAIS, MME. TALLIEN, LA MONTANSIER, ETC.; MÊME ON APERÇOIT LA VAGUE SILHOUETTE DU CORSE AUX CHEVEUX PLATS. ON Y VOIT DES DÉCORS PITTORESQUES, DES COSTUMES CHARMANTS, DES PETITES DAMES DU DIRECTOIRE EXHIBANT DES.. ACCES- SOIRES ABONDANTES ET VARIÉS. ON Y VOIT LE DAUPHIN EMPORTÉ PROCESSIONNELLEMENT PAR SES SAUVEURS SUR UNE CIVIÈRE, EXCELLENT MOYEN DE GAGNER RAPIDEMENT LA VENDÉE *incognito*. ON Y VOIT SURTOUT RÉJANE, L'ÂME, LA VIE, L'INTÉRÊT DE L'ACTION, ET QU'ON POURRAIT NOMMER — l'Emporte-pièce. .

Journal Amusant.



## Not the End of the World

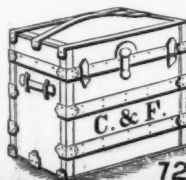
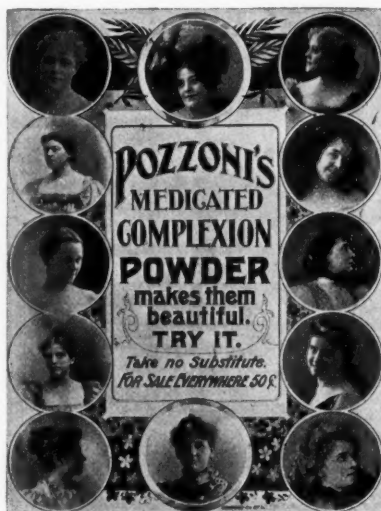
But the "Graduated" Elastic Cord-End for Suspender.

Puts the stretch in the right place in enduring form. Makes them more comfortable and serviceable than any others. Used only on

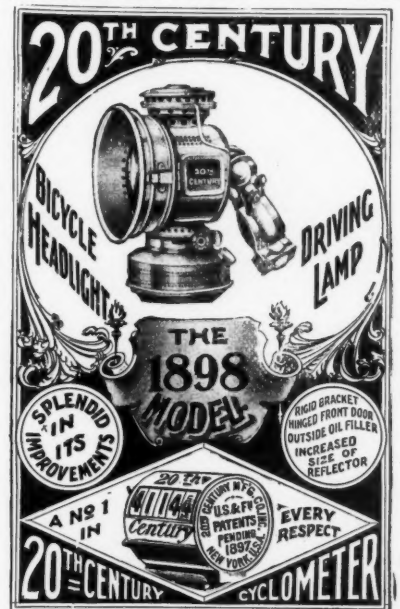
## Endwell Braces

Ask your furnisher for the "ENDWELL" or send 30 cts for a sample pair, postpaid. Cheaper model, "G. S. C." for 25 cts. Scarf Fastener free for your furnisher's name if he does not keep "ENDWELL BRACES."

CHESTER SUSPENDER CO.,  
3 Decatur Ave., Roxbury Crossing, Mass.



**CROUCH & FITZGERALD**  
161 BROADWAY.  
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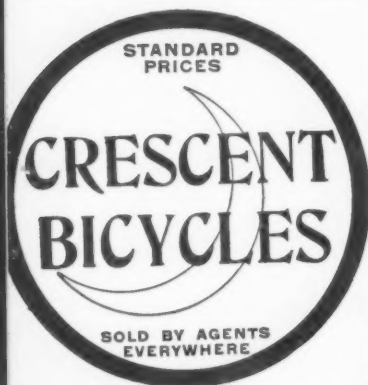
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Use the Great English Remedy  
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